

Winnifred Harper Cooley Talks About Young Men's Temptations

EVERY one seems bent on dragging a young man down. He is tempted to lead a Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde existence, one of veiled hypocrisy, or else he is being conditioned for being dissolute and without ideals.

A REFINED young man refuses to associate with women-of-the-town. Yet his emotions are strong. If he is normal, he wants to marry. But one does not always discover one's ideal and lifemate in the early twenties.

Then there is the terrible economic problem. In the old days, when John decided to marry Ellen, his father bought him the adjoining farm, and the young man was free to marry. Few complacent men, so long as he could grow enough for them to eat. As the children came they were looked after by grandmothers, who were "shelved" as early as forty. The older children helped take care of the babies, and often labored hard with horses and farmwork, and were self-sustaining at such a young age.

Today the boy simply must have some higher education, or a trade, or an apprenticeship in an industry. He sees that his companions who married young often are handicapped so severely in the money field that their careers are ruined. Then, too, he hesitates to ask a girl to marry, because he knows that his land-darling will be deprived of little luxuries. It is impossible to marry sometimes until he is thirty or older.

In the meantime, he longs for love, and the companionship of women. What shall he do to fill that need in his nature? SOMETIMES he is fortunate enough to know some tactful, charming woman a little older, some young widow who has a home, and in whose society he finds sympathy and flattery and kindly counsel. Sometimes he is so filled with ambition and enthusiasm for his work that he is almost entirely self-sufficient, and is so busy and weary that he forgets the loneliness and longing. It may be that athletics and clubs give him a pleasant outdoor diversion. But in all these ways, the young man who has passed, and economic conditions must be adjusted so that happy love and matrimony may be possible, and the young man who is warped by the gross temptations, to overcome the gross temptations.

Vulgar men declare that he is a brute and a fool to refrain from a taste of the grossest orgies; and reformers often preach and rail, which seem to come from a lack of knowledge of the situation.

As explained in the previous article, a strictly accurate classification would make the mental type a division in either the energetic or the passive type. Would it not naturally follow, then, that the mental type of person ought to write either a rounded or an angular hand? As a matter of fact, an analysis of the handwriting specimens from a very large number of persons classified as "mentals" shows no decided average tendency toward either angular or rounded writing.

There are, however, certain other indications which quite clearly point out the mental development. One of these is the fact that the writing of the person who is essentially a thinker is nearly always small. Small writing is the writing of the student. The mental person is, of course, essentially a student.

It is also as a rule either fine writing or writing but slightly slanted. Virtually never is the writing of a person who is physically and mentally strong, coarse than a distinct type in itself. It is a heavy variety, for the only thing mental indicated by heavy writing is determination; and even here the kind of determination indicated is the kind of determination which is the result of calm, patient thought and decision. The latter is indicated rather in the firmness of the writing generally, and in the crossing of the "t's."

Adventures With a Purse WITH a suitcase and umbrella. It is difficult to keep a tight grasp on the pocketbook which holds quite all of the vacation money, and yet that pocketbook is such a vital part of the luggage. It is a very good plan to have the money not needed for the journey tucked away in some safe place. Bags made of gray suede of various sizes open and the bags are fastened about the waist under the skirt. The bag is flat and with bills placed that it would not make a bulge under the skirt. The same bag with the money and money can be worn at night and is certainly a wise precaution. The bags are priced from \$1 to \$2.75.

One-piece undergarments are much cooler in summer because even combination suits are full and seem warm. The athletic combination suits give a great amount of comfort. They can be used in a checkered waist, and may suit for 12 and give no end of comfort and freedom.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1001 during the hours of 9 and 5.

A 1922 Kiss Miss Ranghilde Anderson, of Brooklyn, is the first woman to receive a chief radio operator on the steamship America, then in mid-ocean, and kisses were exchanged.

WHAT'S WHAT By Helen Decie

Long ago, a then venerable writer, George Greenwood, found a depressing contrast between the manners of young men in Europe and in the United States. He gave a room in which were young gentlemen, acquaintances, sitting, lounging, and not having them rise had become a strange experience for me. Ever since became used to such a lack of courtesy, that should I now see a young American spring to his feet on the room, and then to leap his back turned, nor smoke without asking permission.

A noticeable improvement appears to have taken place since the foregoing criticism was written. It is only among the utterly untrained nowadays that young men's manners are as unbecomingly depicted in the illustration. A man and boy with any social knowledge does not remain seated when a woman visitor enters the room, nor does he keep his back turned, nor smoke without asking permission.

Please Tell Me What to Do

Says "Sparrow" is Ridiculous Dear Cynthia—Since "Handsome" stopped writing about himself I have seen nothing in your paper so ridiculous as the letter of "Sparrow." In which he says that he sees no reason why a girl should kiss a fellow. I have gone with one of the finest girls in the world for two years and for the last four months I have not kissed her once, and I have had as good a time with her as any other fellow ever had with any girl.

Doesn't "Sparrow" ever think that every time he kisses a girl he is removing a certain refinement and charm from her? I am no prudish and can dance as well as most fellows, but I don't see making "love" to every girl I meet. A fellow can go around kissing every girl he sees and the girl who gets when a girl he finally loves admits that she has kissed other fellows. Sorry I took so much time, but that letter hit me up.

He Keeps Her Waiting Dear Cynthia—I am a young lady in my late teens and am going with a young man the same age. I expect to marry him some day, but I have a lot of trouble with him. He does not keep his word and is always late for an appointment. If he says he will call me on the phone at 10 o'clock, sometimes it is 9 or 10 before I hear from him, and that keeps me in waiting until he calls, and of course, I am always worrying and am very miserable at that account. I have told him that I always promise to do better, but just keeps the same.

Now, dear Cynthia, I can hardly stand this, and am becoming a wreck from waiting for him when he comes to see me and waiting for his phone calls, as I love him very dearly. I cannot write him up, but I cannot stand the anxiety.

Better give the young man a lesson, and the next time he is late don't wait for him. Simply go out or make other plans. If he does not change then, I will have to leave him, and will make a most unsatisfactory husband.

Scolds "Sparrow" Dear Cynthia—First of all I want to say something to "Sparrow." Sparrow, if you are a fellow such as you are over the little "lapper" that refused you a kiss, she could not be of much account if she refused you and when you came back she did kiss you. If she was what you picked her out in the beginning to be, she should have stood up to her reputation. But, of course, we must give her credit for not giving you what you wanted when you first met her.

Now let me say something to "Joan." I sure do wish I could find a letter that would write such beautiful poetry as you did. Love is the most wonderful thing in the world, and I hope that you will find my mate soon. I hope that the girl you love is worthy of it, as you would find her so. Oh, if there were only more men of "Harkins" and "Joan's" type. What a wonderful and desirable world would "Harkins" be. I think you would be a wonderful letter you wrote. I would love to meet you, but it is almost impossible. I think we should be pleased to hear from one another through this column if you care. I hope that some time in the future I shall meet a man who will love me as I could love him. I would be glad to see you, and I think it would be possible, before you are too old, which I have never considered a fellow good night and I intend to live up to my reputation and Mr. Right comes along, and I hope that he will be as good as I am. I hope that you will meet your "ideal girl" soon.

"De Jure" Glories in His Fall Dear Cynthia—Once more I kneel before thy throne To do homage to thee. Not to question, Refute or gainsay, but to adore. Try subjects, Nay, most high, I kneel to ask thy blessing For I, the Free Lance Who have not come, Care little for the world And its ways, Hestiate a moment To test those powers And was lost.

IN THE FALL I MARRY Now let the lightning strike And the thunder roll, For what care I? DE JURE Congratulations "De Jure" Cynthia wishes you every happiness.

This Organdie Shows the New Deepened Neckline



By CORINNE LOWE Tomorrow we may die. But just at present we are white. As has so often been emphasized, this is a summer when everything from sports clothes to evening gowns is preferred in the snowy texture. Organdie, too, is perhaps at its most fashionable in white, and here we are showing an informal model which is relieved by not one touch of color. As is the case with so many of the cottons and linens, this dress reflects only upon hand work for its finish. The hand work here consists of tiny trucks and of the milliner's folds binding the scallops, neckline, sleeve, and skirt. A distinctive feature of this model consists of the standing fence collar of self-material used in combination with the deeper, bateau neckline now so common. The new line prescribes a more extensive cutting away of material in the front, with the result that the garment slips down over the shoulders. This same frock carried out in black or navy organdie will make a practical suggestion for the hot day in the city.

To Clean a Bag Dear Madam—I have a broadened bagging, and a light blue color. Could you kindly inform me of your valuable column, how I can remove the stain from my bag, which is made of chloride and gasoline without success. The bag is not stained, but dirty from wear.

Looking for Cousin Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me what to do? I have a cousin in Brooklyn, N. Y., and haven't seen her for the last three years. Will you please tell me how I could locate her, for she is the only relative I have. A NEWCOMER.

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The Wife Cheater

Joan Stockbridge marries Norman Wayne in spite of many warnings from her friends. Norman is the kind of man who has never been known to give one woman more than a few weeks at a time, and they have been married only four weeks when he attempts to deceive Joan about dining in town. Alice Wilson, a mutual friend, Joan fights against her jealousy and is rewarded by a confession from Norman.

CHAPTER X Getting Even ALICE took for the country club a dance inspired me to concentrate on a delectable one of my own. I was feverishly determined to fight for Norman's love with every weapon I could muster, and feminine charms were not to be despised, so I went to the country club and bought a new dress. The dress was of Alice's name-colored one.

On the day of the dance I dropped in on Margaret and found Alice there. When I entered the room there was a silence and I knew in a minute that the two women had been talking about me. Margaret's face was flushed and angry. She had evidently been quarreling with Alice, who was, as usual, quite unimpaired, and more or less composed. I didn't ask him to take me. He urged me to go, but I don't see any reason why you shouldn't know about it.

I laughed in apparent unconcern. "But I do know about it. I've known about it ever since the day you went. Norman called me up that afternoon." If ever I enjoyed a moment of triumph it was that afternoon. I certainly did not regret the white lie I had told. It was true that I had known from the first, but from the way I had spoken it sounded as though Norman had called me up to tell me he was taking Alice to dine, which, of course, was not as it happened.

Slowly the look in Alice's eyes changed from insolent triumph to one of almost vindictive fury. She was speechless. She simply had no comeback and when I proceeded evenly: "But I do know about it. I've known about it ever since the day you went. Norman called me up that afternoon." I had made an enemy of Alice, although at the moment I did not care.

Alice was the kind of woman who expected homage from men. She had expected to possess the man of her choice, and she, of course, thought me the kind of woman who is ready to deceive. But since that night Norman had maintained an attitude of fever-like devotion toward me and had treated Alice almost indifferently. This fact had piqued her and, of course, had not improved her friendship for me. It came to me suddenly that Alice had just been boasting of her friendship with Norman, and that Margaret had been thoroughly indignant. Good old Margaret! Of course, she would take that attitude.

"And what was the good advice?" I asked, looking from one to the other. Margaret looked suddenly flushed and distressed, but Alice was enjoying herself thoroughly. "I don't know whether you would appreciate it or not, Joan," she said, smiling mysteriously. Margaret interrupted quickly. "Stop it, Alice."

Alice turned her long, languid eyes quickly on Margaret and drew it exasperatingly. "I don't see why Joan shouldn't know since she asked for it." "Know what?" I asked coolly, although my heart had begun to beat very fast.

"What we were talking about," Alice went on, ignoring Margaret's distressed signals. "It happened that Norman and I had dinner together the other evening, and Margaret has been scolding me furiously. I assure you, Joan, Alice Wilson, a mutual friend, Joan fights against her jealousy and is rewarded by a confession from Norman.

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Two Minutes of Optimism

Initiative "Initiative," says Roger Babson in his compelling little book on "Making Good in Business," "is the driving power of life. One may be happy if he is only industry and integrity and intelligence; but he will never get very far in business unless he also has Initiative. Initiative is to business, success what gasoline is to an engine or coal to a locomotive. Men succeed in business because they originate and do things before being told to do them."

And Roger Babson gives a personal incident which reveals in illuminating fashion how it was possible for a youngster, given up as a hopeless invalid, to found what is probably the largest and most vital statistical organization in the world, one relied upon by bankers and hundreds of thousands of business men to help them gauge what is coming next week, next month, next year and so on.

Roger Babson is the ancient prophet come to life, playing, however, not upon people's fear and frenzy, but with enlightening figures upon reason, judgment, faith, logic and experience. Babson, who graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he relates, "it was difficult to get a job. I answered many advertisements, but got no replies. Most of the advertisements were signed only by postoffice box numbers so the advertiser would not be bothered by the applicants."

At this point Babson gives his readers this bit of "dope" which he has learned from his own experience. When advertisements for help are signed by the name of the firm, you can rest assured that the business is good and the applicants are few. When advertisements are signed this way you get an interview with the would-be employer and you can bargain on the wage problem to an advantage.

Babson goes on to say that the position he was seeking was signed by postoffice box number. Finally, he says, he got tired of writing letters to which no replies were received, and so went to the postoffice to find out who owned an advertisement of a bond house wanting statistics. The postoffice official refused to tell him. He then went to the box and waited till some one came. He followed that some one to his office, went in, and applied for the job. The head of the firm looked him over and said: "Young man, here are over a hundred applicants for this job; but I am not going to take any of them. I am going to try you because I know you have initiative."

Girdles Girdles of the new crepe evening frocks are often resisted and through the folds are apt to be shown a few brilliant beads. Another favorite way of mapping out the waistline is through the use of flowers of self fabric. Still another is the velvet ribbon of contrasting color which fastens in front with a handsome buckle often supporting pendant ornaments. In this last connection one must speak of the girdle of braided velvet ribbon, which Yonnet places on one of her latest models, a primrose-colored crepe made from neck to hem of pleated bias ruffles.

Muriel Is Depriving Her Baby Girl of Her Birthright of Clean Sweetness The Pink Cherub Who Cooos So Invitingly Repulses Admirers Because She Is So Soiled and Sticky

IT'S JUST afraid to go see that baby," declared Anne. "Oh, why?" asked Emma, in surprise. "She's perfectly sweet; you'd love her!" "I know all that," Anne hesitated a second, "but you know Muriel!" "Oh, yes, I know her!" Emma was a little grim about it, "and there is that about the baby, too, but if you can just overlook it, she's awfully cute."

Anne and Emma had known Muriel long before her marriage, and had suffered together over her incurable lack of neatness. Muriel never could make her hair stay inside a net. Everybody else managed to do the back of her head somehow, so that those short ends on the front and side, for which a hair net in dejected strings made her face.

Her collar always seemed to get rumpled on her way from her room to the front door, and she didn't make any attempt the rest of the day to straighten it out. She was thoroughly discouraging in her complete disregard for and indifference to her personal appearance. It didn't even bother her when her face was dirty.

Yet she had so many good points and they were so fond of her that the friendship was kept up. Her house was kept just as she had always been. Somehow the living room wouldn't get dusted in the morning, and the dining room would always look as if a high wind had swept through it and knocked things crooked.

The girls always dreaded being invited to meal when Muriel's mind had left, because Muriel never could seem to get the pans entirely clean when she had to do the washing of dishes herself.

So it was no wonder that Anne was afraid to see the baby. For, in these things more pathetic and repulsive than a smiling, cheery, pink cherub who would be sweet if she weren't so untidy and soiled? She waves her arms at you in gleeful greeting and you would just love to kiss those dimpled hands—but they are so sticky that you hate to touch them.

Her smile is a thing to cause great rejoicing—but it is ruined by a moment on one side of her mouth. Her dainty little white dress, with the smocking done so carefully and lovingly by daddy's mother, is all begrimed and dirty, and the white stockings are unconformably wrinkled. She looks, in short, like a baby who has been sadly neglected, like a poor little waif with no one to mother her or take an interest in making her look baby-like and adorable, and fresh and sweet.

EMMA had to admit it, that was the way Muriel's baby looked, and this was almost enough to break off the love friendship of the two girls. They could manage to overlook Muriel's letting herself go as if she were a waif, with nobody to look after her, but when it came to taking advantage of an innocent baby whose birthright of cleanliness and sweetness, that was almost too much to bear.

The poor child whose mother treats her this way gets a bad start in life. She has to learn her habits of cleanliness after she gets old enough to realize how important they are. And besides that she must be more than ordinarily attractive to overcome the prejudice that her unkempt appearance naturally creates in others.

THERE are many Muriels in the world; many different causes are given for their delinquency. Sometimes it is the care of this world, sometimes it is artistic temperament, sometimes it is ignorance, but I'm afraid more often than any of these it is pure laziness and a bit of defiance.

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